

My Secrets of Love

by
Elinor Glyn

The Famous Author of
"Three Weeks"
"His Hour"
"Where Love Leads"
Etc.

Illustrated by
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The **American Weekly**

Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, December 28, 1919
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"Keep as large a portion of your spare money as you can to spend upon beautifying and adorning yourself for the hours when you are with Henry alone! Try to remain as dainty and appetizing as you were when you were engaged."

In the last paper I wrote upon "My Secrets of Love" I said that it was extremely important for Celia to ascertain which of the two possessed the stronger character.

Let us begin by taking the case of the woman being in this position. She has realized during the honeymoon more forcibly than ever that Henry has not her tenacity of will; and though she adores him, and he adores her, she must become really the ruler in the home and guide him in his fight with life.

The first thing she must do, if she wants him to go on loving her, must be scrupulously to conceal the discovery from him and from their mutual friends. There is nothing so pitifully contemptible as a woman blazoning her superiority, and it avails her nothing, for though Henry may seemingly conform to her authoritative, he will inevitably deceive her, and, at best, she will hold that undesirable position of ruling because he gives way to her for a quiet life.

How people laugh at men whose wives visibly rule them!

Let us suppose that Celia has realized that Henry has many weak sides. She will then know where his temptations will most likely lie and can guard against them. But—weak or strong—

no woman can hold a man unless she is able to keep him in love with her, so that his desire is to please her, not only to propitiate her to avoid rows!

Very few people are able to keep the end they wish for in view. They wander from the remembrance of it, because the personal ego is impelled to express itself. Please thoroughly understand that in all this series of articles I am writing for the benefit of those women without overwhelming personal charm, who have succeeded in calling forth the love of the men they wish to wed and who, presumably, desire with all their hearts to keep their hard-won happiness. I am not writing for beautiful, fascinating creatures, or girls who care less than their husbands (although, considering the polygamous nature of man and his proneness to become satisfied because his unconstructive hunting instinct is prompting him, it will not be waste of time for these other blessed ones to keep what I say in mind also).

But our Celia is admittedly passionately in love with Henry—much more so than she was during the engagement. It is absolutely vital to her happiness that he goes on loving her, and so she should never let her intelligence sleep—or she will lose him. She must still keep up the slight mystery of her charm—and must never let him become too familiar in the every-day relationship of life.

How can a man go on "being in love" with a woman who allows him to see her day after day when she is in some unattractive stage of her toilet?

Of course, his emotion becomes blunted. A woman whose hair is in curling pins and her nose covered with cold cream, for instance!

I might be writing of high moral qualities and virtues of lofty preaching, but we are out to attain an end—the happiness of Celia, so I am obliged to keep to the practical, whether we admit it or no, are of more importance than the keeping of a man in love than any qualities, good or bad.

Alas! we are all creatures of sensibilities!

Good wives and mothers often wonder and lament over the

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No. 3.—The First Year of Marriage

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A VERY precarious period—the first year of marriage, for a woman who has secured the love of a man by her own effort—indeed, for any woman. Because during it he will have ample time to discover whether the charming vision of herself which she created in his brain was her true self, or only assumed to entrap his affections.

She will need all her skill to keep him.

Presuming that she has come safely through the engagement period and returned from the honeymoon triumphant—what then?

Who Owns The Engagement Ring after the Engagement is Broken?

And How It Happens That Sister Rosie Lost Her Rings While Sister Adele Manages to Hold Onto Hers

Morris Beck, Who Got His Rings Back.

THE engagements were announced—oh! such pretty romances! Morris was to marry Rose. And Morris's brother, Alec, was to marry Rosie's sister, Adele. These two promising young bachelors of Longfellow avenue, in upper New York, were to be the happy husbands of the two Teichner sisters of West One Hundred and Seventeenth street. The Beck family were connected with a chain of shoe stores and the financial prospects of all were very bright.

In Jewish society it is the betrothal party that really marks the official and ceremonial engagement—it was in May two years ago that the betrothal party was held; happy Morris took his arm and arm with happy Rose Teichner and Alexander Beck and Adele Teichner beamed with happiness as they accepted the good wishes of their guests. At that merry party there was a cloud on the horizon to cast a shadow on what seemed to be the beginning of two very promising matrimonial voyages.

And the engagement rings? Ah, they were the joy and pride of all concerned. Rose and Adele each felt sure that hers was the purest, whitest diamond—typical, they said, of the noble, high-minded men they were to marry. In the generous enthusiasm of their romance the girls followed the engagement rings by a gift of a "dinner ring" each to his sweetheart. And much was the discussion as to what these rings cost.

And yet a prophet with the gift of seeing into the future would have known that these happy romances were never to be fulfilled. For one reason and another things did not go well. Closer acquaintance between the Beck brothers and the Teichner sisters did not deepen the love and confidence which should have grown stronger between them. They were friends, yes. The engagements were still on. Oh, yes. But as the weeks went by disputes and differences arose. And these things drifted until one hot August afternoon in 1917, only three months after that happy betrothal party, Morris Beck, the older brother, invited his fiancée, Rose, to go down to Brighton Beach and have a dip in the cool waves at Coney Island.

It was a nice thing for Morris to suggest, Rose thought. Perhaps the sea was not so bad a thing to be engaged to, after all. Of course, lovely spots were to be expected, and, maybe, Rose herself was a little unreasonable at times—anyhow, it was a shining hot day and it was mighty nice for Morris to suggest that trip to Coney Island. Rose acquiesced happily.

So down to the beach they went. My, but it was hot. And how inviting the cool waves looked as they splashed about the gleaming sands. Morris went to the bathing pavilion and paid for the rent of one bathing suit.

"Why, Morris, aren't you going in?" she asked.

"No, Rose. I have a headache, but don't let that stop you from going in," he said casually.

So Rose disappeared into the bathing house and soon came out with her pretty figure enclosed in a bathing suit. As she started down the beach Morris said:

"Wait a minute, Rose; you should not risk losing those nice rings. They should be put in the bath house safe while you are in the water."

The wisdom and prudence of this advice from the man she was to marry seemed sound. Rose stripped off the rings, handed them to Morris and plunged merrily into the cool surf.

And that was the last Rose saw of the rings.

At her leisure the dripping girl came smiling out of the surf and looked about for Morris. But he was gone. Not that day, nor the next day, nor any day did Morris come to see her again. The engagement was off; and Morris had the rings!

But how about Brother Alec and sister Adele?

Well, it's a very curious coincidence that, on the very August afternoon Alexander Beck journeyed down to Rockaway where Mrs. Teichner and her daughter Adele had a cottage for the Summer. Alec came up the steps wiping the perspiration from his brow and fanning his face with his straw hat.

"Mrs. Teichner," he said, "I have decided to have Adele's engagement ring and the dinner ring reset in a prettier setting—and if you will please let me have them."

And what was it that moved Mamma Teichner to cautiously say:

"Well, Alec, that will be very nice, but all the same I couldn't let you have Adele's rings without she said so, you understand?"

At that very moment, a few miles away on the sands of Brighton Beach, brother Morris was enacting the tragedy of the bath-house and sister-Rose's rings. Did Mamma Teichner vaguely realize what was going on through some sense which science has not yet identified?

"No, Alec, you'll have to see Adele—she is in bathing down the beach."

So Alec went along the sands of old Rockaway and soon found his pretty fiancée and made known his errand. What instinct made her decline to entrust her rings to the two romances of the Spring were shattered before the Summer was over.

But while this was the end of the romance, was it the end of the struggle for the rings? Try to guess.

Thinking over the situation that hot August afternoon on the Coney Island



Alexander Beck, Who Didn't Get His Rings Back.

sands, Rosie decided that it was a shame to lose those rings. Perhaps she could get those rings back again. She would try. So one day her former sweetheart, Morris Beck, was hailed to court. Rosie had brought a suit against him, claiming that he was withholding her property.

At the trial Morris gave a slightly different account of the matter, the episode at Coney Island, asserting that his fiancée had had a row with him and had "thrown the jewels in his face," declaring the engagement at an end. Rosie admitted that the engagement was off and she was glad of it. Judge Roy ruled that Rosie had forfeited her rights and claims to the rings when she agreed to have the engagement broken.

So that ended the last chapter of Rosie's romance and her rings. They were gone forever.

But how about brother Alec and his rings which Adele still clung to? Was there no way for Alec to get his presents back?

If brother Morris had such good fortune with the rings, had perhaps brother Alec had



The Tragedy of That Hot August Afternoon at Coney Island When Rosie Gave Up the Rings.

better try the law. So suit was brought by Alexander Beck against his former sweetheart Adele. Unlike Rosie, Adele had held onto her rings. When the case came up the other day for trial Alec took the stand and told the story of the broken engagement and asked that the rings be returned to him.

And then Alec, wearing a handsome fur cape and a cloth of gold hat, settled himself in the witness chair and shot a scornful look at her former fiancée. The girl made the point that while it was true she had once been engaged to Alec Beck, yet the engagement was not formally and ceremonially a fact at the time Alec gave her the rings. It was in February that he



Alec Beck's Former Sweetheart, Adele.

had asked her to marry him and she said she would ask her parents. It was then that the rings were bestowed upon her, but the formal betrothal party did not occur until May. Therefore Adele regarded the rings as pure gifts which were not involved with the question of the engagement. Thus arose the question as to how the law regards an engagement ring. If the rings were a symbol and acknowledgment of the betrothal then the girl, having broken the engagement, should have returned the rings, Alec's lawyer contended.

While the lawyers were arguing this matter, the judge sprang a surprise.

"When were you born?" he asked Adele.

"In November, 1898," she replied quickly. "When did you break your engagement with Alexander Beck?"

"In August, 1917."

"His Honor made a quick mental calculation and then said:

"Then you were nineteen at the time you broke the engagement?"

"Yes, sir." Whereupon his Honor delivered this ruling:

"This young woman at the time of her engagement was an 'infant' in the eye of the law. Any person who enters into a transaction, contract or agreement with an infant risks repudiation of the agreement. An infant or minor is liable to say, 'I will not keep my part of the contract; neither will I return the money.' It is impossible and hopeless to undertake to enforce a contract with a minor, and this the law understands. I dismiss the complaint."

How much were the rings worth? Mr. Beck estimates that they are now worth about \$2,500. Sister Rosie lost her rings on that unfortunate hot August afternoon at Coney Island, but sister Adele didn't.

Alexander Beck and his lawyer are still contemplating the situation and considering whether there is still some legal move which can be made to get hold of Adele's rings. Whatever romance there was has pretty well all gone out of that double engagement that looked so promising.

My Secrets of Love

(Continued from Front Page)

fact that men seem so infatuated and so faithful to worthless creatures of "another spirit" to the ever pause to remember that these "worthless creatures" have sense enough never to disillusionate the men's sense?

So never, never forget this, Cella! Keep as large a portion of your spare money as you can to spend upon beautifying and adorning yourself for the hours when you are with Henry alone!

However nice you may look when you go out with him, if his subconscious mind has registered a picture of you frayed and unbecomingly, this will undoubtedly mitigate against the effect of the actual well-dressed you in his eyes even at the moment, and gradually the unattractive picture will engrave itself upon his imagination.

So be very careful in your daily life! Try to resemble a picture of you frayed and unbecomingly as you were when you were engaged!

You must make your husband feel also that he must use just as much effort to please you as he had to use before the ceremony, and on your side by now you will be quite certain with how much pleasure you will find to do it much

easier, for it will not require such concentrated attention as when you were endeavoring to ascertain his likes and dislikes.

If all this entails the spending of a great deal of your time, and seems to be becoming a strain, you must quickly ask yourself which you would rather do—give up the struggle and drift along with the strong probability of eventually losing his love, or continue striving with the practical certainty in front of you of losing it. Don't wobble from one to the other—never be that "middle thing."

"We to the foolish souls that have not courage to carry through what they have the presumption to begin. They do indeed either too little or too much, and are themselves the victims of their own folly."

If you study thinking Henry and controlling your own emotions too much trouble. Cella, well, don't bother about it, but do not then bewail your misfortune when you find he no longer cares for you!

If you have not great wealth, all sorts of domestic details will arise which will be very disillusioning to both of you. Cella must try to make those which lie in her hands go as smoothly as possible, and if she has to work all day long, everyone works now—she must

endeavor to make him feel she is his joy and recreation when he does return home, and that he will not find her depressed and grumbling, ready to relate to him her worries with the servants, or any other household business.

If she really wants his advice upon these matters, she should just ask him simply, and when once she has received the answer, she should never harp upon the subject.

Oh, how hard Cella must try not to "go Henry!"

If she does not, the very close association of marriage will let him discover all her sterling, splendid qualities, which will tell themselves round his heart and cause him to love and reverence her apart from any emotion of "being in love," and so she can hold "him more surely."

At last because they have gone through a ceremony and he has given her some vows and a ring, will not make him any more patient or tolerant than he was when they were both free?

Indeed, when his lifetime interest will be satisfied, he will be all the more difficult to hold!

Cella is fighting to keep someone who she just met not be casual! If, instead of being the weaker

character, she discovers that Henry has a stronger will than she herself possesses, it will be very stupid of her if she sets up a useless fight. She can only get him to do what she wishes because he loves her, no more than ever she must try to keep him in this state, and all she can do is to use her influence over him to make him reasonable and in a mood to listen to her views if they differ from his own.

During the first year of the trend of where both are going will have manifested itself, and if they have come through safely the ordeal of the bond of matrimony after twelve months of it, they have a really fair chance of continued happiness.

Perhaps they have had a child during the time and this thrilling interest has "drawn them closer. How careful! Cella must be not to become a selfish and complaining thing and inconstant to her appearance during the waiting months; selfish and demagogued often she must ask herself:

"Is Henry's being in love with me of more importance to me than the struggle to overcome my desire to let myself go?"

She must always keep this point of view, and if he imagines he will just stay in love if she takes

no pains to keep her own drawing power.

Then there is Punch's immortal advice again.

"Feed the brute!"—Cella, do be attentive to this! No matter what other economy you practice, see to it that Henry is fed appetizingly.

And that when he comes home tired his creature comforts are certain to have been provided for; and that you are looking like his heart's desire, not wearing "any old thing" because you are alone and at home.

I have to keep repeating, all this advice is for the women in love, as if she wishes to keep her husband as a lover. If she is not keen about that after a little while, then as long as she is pleased and nice, the man may go on in a good job of style with about as much pleasure in it as eating soup and pudding every day could give!

Do not begin asking Henry questions about little things, but if he seems to be keeping something from you, then say outright, "What do you feel it, and that it hurts you."

Try always that a wall of reserve does not grow up between you that you do not feel that certain subjects are off-limits. You must avoid them like the plague!

By Elinor Glyn

Try to have regained his confidence that he will not wish to hide anything from you, and you may live in that atmosphere of sweet communion when each shares with each all the pleasures and pains.

Do not let the first sign of alteration in Henry escape your attention, and never throw dust in your own eyes about things. Have courage always to face the truth, and then use your common sense to combat danger or ameliorate the condition which you have discovered exists.

Above all, do not shrink! No love can stand nesting, and if a husband actually stays on with a nesting woman, it will be for expediency, or to avoid a quarrel, or any reason but one of inclination. Just imagine what a blow to one's self-respect to know that if one's husband had free will in the matter he would be off like a snipe!

If I were advising Henry I should tell him to remember that women are not made to be "kept"—they are more really than deities. They are always be called with words. (If this paper catches Henry's eyes he had better make a note of this!)

I remember once as reading a murder case of a "blushful" man. I think his name was Reid—and I

was struck by the fact that all the wives he had disposed of had found him charming, and that the testimony of the one (or two?) living ones was that he was a most devoted husband, always saying the kindest, most loving things to them, and if he could have escaped the gallows, either would willingly have gone back to him!

Such is the power of loving words!

Words act on the imagination of a woman continuously when she is alone, while dreams, in absence, are forgotten. No man who is mean and grudging in his expressions of love can expect to keep a woman's affections long.

Space makes me and this paper, Cella, but for the last words: Try not to make all your commonplace.

Try to keep your own attractions. Try to make Henry realize that he has won a prize, not that he has been caught and will have to make the best of it!

And make yourself charming to his friends, so that he may receive the subtle flattery of knowing that he is envied!

ELINOR GLYN.

Next Sunday Mrs. Glyn Will Discuss "What Love Is."

BEWARE OF THE LITTLE FLAWS THAT MAKE ONE HOMELY



A little roughness, a little shine, a little cloudiness of skin, and one's looks are gone! It is so easy, too, to let your skin acquire these bad little traits unless you know just how to avoid them.

WIND and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping. Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson on how to grow rough!

Of course you can't apply a cold cream before going out. It makes your face too oily. Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream, which is made precisely for this daytime and evening use. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. It

ishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. There is not a bit of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it cannot reappear in a miserable glisten.

Besides making the powder stay on, this vanishing cream powder-base protects your skin. It is of the greatest benefit to it.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance. All the tell-tale weariness around eyes and mouth will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of *staying* tired.

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. Really, it means that you have been allowing your skin to go only half cleansed! It takes a cold cream with a good oil base to remove this deeply lodged dust.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold



Whenever you want to look especially lovely, even though you are tired, you can give your complexion new freshness at a moment's notice. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for the eleventh hour freshening it brings your skin.



Though the wintry winds may blow, they cannot make your skin roughen or chape—they cannot blow the powder off your face when you use Pond's Vanishing Cream.

will not reappear in a shine. Do this every time you go out. Then regardless of the weather your skin will become more and more exquisite in texture.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it, and to keep it smooth

Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Van-



One little bedtime duty that you must not forget if you care about a clear complexion is the cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, "How could so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

Why there are two kinds of cream—one without an oil base and one with it

Every skin needs two creams. Do not forget that the cream which you use for daytime and evening is specially made *without oil* so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond's *Vanishing Cream*. It has no oil and cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient which is prescribed by world famous physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from cold, for a powder foundation, for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

But for cleansing the skin and for massage it is the cream with an *oil base* which you need,—Pond's *Cold Cream*. Its formula has been carefully worked out to supply just the amount of oil required to cleanse most thoroughly and just the smoothness needed to make it work well into the skin. Use it nightly before retiring, and whenever you have been exposed to dust and dirt.

Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

When you go down town, stop at the drug store or at any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. You need never again fear the little flaws that ruin one's appearance.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One without any oil, and one with an oil base

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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Please send me, free, the items checked:

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Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount.

- ☐ A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
☐ A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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The Romantic Secret of Young Mr. Vanderbilt's \$45 Job

How the Announcement of the Engagement of Cornelius Vanderbilt's Heir to the Sister of a Distinguished Lawyer Revealed Her Very Practical and Successful Love Test

IT is seldom that fashionable society has the opportunity to study so delightful and perfect a romance as that recently revealed through the announcement by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt of the engagement of Miss Rachel Littleton, of the famous Tennessee family, and sister of the distinguished attorney, Martin Littleton, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt's only son and heir, Cornelius, Jr. A true love match, infused with an equally true Americanism, it has uncovered at the same time why this scion of great wealth has for nearly a year been working most industriously and successfully at a reporting job which at last reports was paying him \$15 a week. And not only working at it successfully, but living on its proceeds without the aid of an allowance or any financial assistance at all from his wealthy family.

It will be remembered that Scriptural history tells of another Rachel, to whom Jacob served for seven years. Time moves faster these days than then—no young Mr. Vanderbilt's period of probation was cut to twelve months. Otherwise, friends say, the motif is similar—the same old love theme, only shorter. For now it comes out, Miss Littleton, who comes from a stock of doers who long have held accomplishment higher than wealth and individual effort worth more than inheritance, insisted upon young Cornelius demonstrating his worth before she would consent to link her life with his.

In the light of this revelation much that has really puzzled fashionable society about Mr. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s situation is now entirely clear. Why, it was asked, if Cornelius wanted to go into the newspaper business, was it necessary for him to cut loose with such Spartan completeness from the luxuries and influences his family was so well able to provide him. Other young men of his class had started in on a career and had not found this necessary.

But it was known that Vanderbilt, who is but twenty-one years old, had voluntarily tossed himself from his allowance when he had gotten his job! He had elected to live upon his meagre salary! It was true he rented but kept a room for him in the great brownstone palace on Fifth avenue, beside the home of Steel King Frick; also that he could drop around any time he was hungry for a square meal. But as all during the summer and fall the house was headed up by his father-in-law, his sister's mother and lovely sister, Grace, out of town, this did not seem to be of much real comfort to him. Only two relics of his distinguished greatness did he retain—his little twenty-nine-foot racing sloop and his fast roadster.

Not only that, but upon his own admission he picked out after a preliminary sniff at the newspaper game in Seattle, a New York newspaper he believed to be entirely free from any affiliations with his clan, or as he himself said:

"I decided that working for a paper where my family had any influence, financial, social or through family connections, would be a lot like being a buck private in your own father's regiment."

So, as he says, he "looked over the field pretty carefully" found a newspaper where, as far as he could learn, "he had no pull" applied for a job and started in on \$25 a week as a cub reporter. He has since been raised.

All of this seemed mighty strange to his friends. That his mother and father were not exactly pleased with his choice of occupation was known. They had scheduled him for entrance in the Sheffield School at Yale, to prepare himself for a career as an engineer. But even if they weren't pleased, those who knew the democracy of the Cornelius Vanderbilts and their attitude to their children, were sure the parents had not put their son to so rigorous a test of abjectness of purpose.

But Miss Littleton had. In effect, it appears she must have said something like this: "It's a changing world, and there may be a lot more chance coming. I want you to be able to live by what's right in you—not by what your fortune of birth gives you. Go to work, keep at it for a year, and then we'll face life together. But you must stand on your own abilities; be independent of family influence, family wealth. Fight it out just as you'd fight."

And that's exactly what young Mr. Vanderbilt has done, playing the game with as absolute fairness and honesty to Miss Littleton's ever increasing and adoring pride.

All along the 100 per cent American romance has been a love story. It really began a few years ago when Miss Grace Littleton, the sister of Cornelius, was the schoolmate chum of Miss Littleton at a private school, and determined to have her as a sister-in-law. When Miss Vanderbilt gave a party, the pretty Southern girl was chaperoned, and made to dance and play with Brother Cornelius. And Mr. Vanderbilt took her daughter to

a college football game, Cornelius and Rachel were paired off by Grace and left as much to themselves as possible.

So cleverly did she manage her unconscious plan that not even Mr. Vanderbilt realized the stage manager's abilities of her only daughter. Before graduating from the school, Miss Littleton had so endeared herself to the older members that she was considered quite one of the family and last Summer was given a taste of Newport life as a house guest at Beaulieu, the Vanderbilt estate on the cliffs.

On the surface there was nothing to mar the development of a very pretty romance. Newport got used to seeing the two riders about the country in Cornelius' chummy roadster, playing tennis or dancing together, but gossip did take a fresh start when the young heir dropped all his social duties and took the newspaper job.

It was such an amazing thing for a Vanderbilt to do that everyone wondered if the family fortunes had taken a sudden fall! But everyone was harping up the wrong line. The Vanderbilts millions were as good as ever—it was his own house who had changed. It must be confessed that there was reason for surprise, for several of the present generation of Vanderbilts men know much better how to staked money than to earn or save it.

Miss Littleton, on the contrary, comes of a long-headed, long-lived Tennessee family, whose members saw reverses after the Civil War. Also she knew what imprudence had led to among her Southern relatives, and early in her life, friends say, she determined that when she married she would choose a man who could, if necessary, support himself. Cornelius, she knew, would inherit several millions from his father, for Mrs. Vanderbilt was a daughter of the late Richard T. Wilson, who left each member of his family independent wealth. Of course, the late Cornelius Vanderbilt cut his eldest son off with a bare three millions, but the brothers and sisters added enough to make his fortune about six millions. This money, under General Vanderbilt's management has greatly increased and naturally a large share of it would eventually go to the son.

Under these circumstances it seemed most unlikely that he would ever have to earn his own living, but Miss Littleton wanted to be sure that he could if he had to; and, too, earning one's own living is mighty good discipline even for the only son of a millionaire in these uncertain days—explaining again the very unusual things young Mr. Vanderbilt did after the war ended.

For, of course, Cornelius went to war. Miss Littleton had nothing to do, actively, with this. She could not have kept him out even if she had tried, for the very day after a state of war was announced, Vanderbilt enlisted and very soon was off to the training camp of Spartanburg, with the Twenty-seventh Division. He was then only nineteen years old and would not have been drafted; but go to war he would, and did.

At that time there was no engagement between the two, and it is doubtful if there was even an understanding because of their extreme youth. Miss Littleton being barely seventeen, they were just swift-gut friends and companions—with Vanderbilt hovering over them with maternal care.

Vanderbilt went overseas with his division, but later, owing to illness, was sent back to America and was finally assigned to a post on the Pacific Coast. While resting up at home in New York, preparatory to going West, Cornelius again became the charming Southern girl's companion when she went to her daily duty at



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in the Racing Auto With Which, When He Can Afford It, He "Covers" His Newspaper Assignments. Above Is Seen the Ancestral Vanderbilt Mansion at Newport.



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.



Miss Rachel Littleton, the Little, High-Idealed Southern Girl, Who Made Young Vanderbilt Prove His Ability to Get and Keep a Job Before She Would Promise to Marry Him.

Sister Grace Vanderbilt During Her Schoolgirl Days, When She Made Up Her Mind to Have Miss Littleton as a Sister-in-Law.

Then he came back East and took that second newspaper position at a \$10 increase.

There was a quiet little justification party, in which Miss Littleton and sister Grace took important parts, the latter as chaperon, of course. The future showed with a rosy light. The secret would be kept, and the engagement announced at the end of this most important year. But there the plans went astray. Some one tipped off a rival daily and immediately a new sensation promised. Counting on their identity they called him up at his apartment and asked casually:

"Say Vanderbilt, how about the news of your engagement?"

His Vanderbilt was mildly surprised, for it seems that his city editor some time previously had hinted at this engagement, and he had promised to let his own paper have the scoop at the proper moment. So, thinking it was his own paper calling, he answered: "Why, I'm not ready to have it announced yet, but we will have the first crack at it later."

The telephone clicked and Cornelius thought no more about the call. The next morning the rival paper came out with the announcement, and the fat was in the fire for sure. Too late our hero realized that it was not his own city editor who had called him.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was at Hot Springs when the announcement was published. Picking her trunk she returned post haste to New York, for she had made a cast-iron agreement with her son that no public announcement would be made without her special sanction. It was this return that led to rumors that she disapproved of the affair.

As a matter of fact Mrs. Vanderbilt and Cornelius, Sr., are immensely pleased with the match. They recognize that their son's bride-to-be is as thoughtful and capable as she is charming, a girl of ideals and force of character, sister to one of the most distinguished and honored members of the American bar and just the kind to make her son happy.

It was rather embarrassing for a time for both hero and heroine. Again Sister Grace stepped into the breach. But a new complication arose. If no official announcement was made, society would go on gossiping and the romance would necessarily be disturbed in the eyes of the lovers. If the Vanderbilts did make the acknowledgment, then Miss Littleton would have to let up in her requirement as to a year's job for her lover before her final consent.

Common sense finally won the day. The Littletons and Vanderbilts made the public announcement, and the bride-to-be gave up her cherished plan, asserting that, anyway, "Neil" had proved his ability to hold a job and, of course, he would hold it until they were married and after the honeymoon, too.

It is worth while noting that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is the only man in his family who has gone out and worked for strangers for money. Vanderbilt men have held and do hold jobs, but they are family affairs and always in one of the corporations controlled by the family wealth.

the canteen or took her part in the various drives and other war work.

Br. "Neil" orders to go West with him. It is now conceded, an "unprecedented" understanding did exist between him and the patriotic war-workers.

Grace was all smiles and happiness, and so were the two most concerned. Letters few and thick between Fifth avenue and the faraway army post, and it must be confessed that Mrs. Vanderbilt began to show signs of knowledge. Her only objection, however, was due to her son's youth, which was accentuated by the delicate state of his health.

Imagine the surprise felt then, not only by the Vanderbilt family, but by all their fashionable friends, when word came East that Cornelius was behaving in a most un-Vanderbilt manner! Immediately after the

was something that could be outgrown, given the necessary time.

And all this time, it now develops, Miss Littleton had those very definite ideas of her own as to what her future husband should be and do.

Imagine the surprise felt then, not only by the Vanderbilt family, but by all their fashionable friends, when word came East that Cornelius was behaving in a most un-Vanderbilt manner! Immediately after the

armistice was signed, he, on the eve of getting a commission, got himself demobilized and a real job almost in the same breath!

Without a word to any one, the soldier heir to a large fortune had walked into a newspaper office out West and demanded work. He got it, too, as a cub reporter; also he had a marshall of himself taken as a working man and sent it back to Miss Littleton. His salary there was \$15 per week.

Can A Blonde Be A "Vampire"?

Mrs. Edward Demarest Mooers, Wife of the Heir to the Yellow Aster Gold Mine, with More Millions Than Experience, Decides to Go On the Stage to Prove This Disputed Question

Her Eyes with a Rather Vampirish Lure.

WHEN Delilah, of the Philistines, lured Samson, the Israelite, to her tent, that she might practise upon him those artful wiles for which she was famed, and which proved his undoing, this raven-haired and black-eyed beauty became, unconsciously, the prototype of the modern sirens to whom were first given the designation "vampires."

For the modern vampire, like Delilah of old, preys upon impressionable men, luring him with her smiles, fascinating him with a beauty that is only a hollow mask, and weaving about him a fatal spell with her bewitching eyes. And, like Delilah, she casts her victim aside, helpless and broken, when he has served her purpose.

Although the traits of Delilah have been recorded for us in the undying pages of the Bible itself, and Kipling's vampire immortalized as "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," after all it is the motion picture audiences who know most about vampires and their sinister, deceptive ways. It is the movie screen that has made the modern siren a familiar thing in all corners of the earth. And it is the movie screen that has visualized her, and virtually set her apart as never being anything else than a tall, sinuous, beautiful young woman with coal-black hair and scintillating black eyes.

Delilah was a brunette—as were all the Philistine women—and she was chosen to trap Samson because her hair was blackest, her eyes the darkest, and her skin the fairest of them all. Kipling's vampire was a brunette, whose beautiful teeth shone like pearls, the more jewel-like because their whiteness contrasted so strikingly with the blackness of her hair and eyes and the redness of her luscious lips.

And those who make motion pictures followed the fashion set by the foolish men who have pictured vampires on the screen and presented them in the theatres, being entirely too slavish to the Delilah precedent. Mrs. Edward Demarest Mooers, who is just out of her teens, and yet has had, because of her position as one of the leaders of the younger "millionaire set" of Southern California, great experience with the society in which vampires love to move, declares that, if the truth were known, blondes make better vampires than brunettes. And to prove her assertion, revolutionary as it is, young and lovely Mrs. Mooers has temporarily laid aside her social career, closed her California mansion, left her rich, handsome husband for a while, to become a vampire herself either on the stage or in the movies.

She wants to be the first "blonde" vampire. And, incidentally, but quite as important to her, Mrs. Mooers, who is to be known by her maiden name, De Sola Saville, is going to prove that a vampire can be a lovely, wholesome young woman, after all.

Not long ago Southern California society was shocked when Mrs. Mooers calmly announced to her friends that she was going to close her home on Alvarado Terrace, forsake her clubs and her gay round of social duties, and go on the stage. No one could have such a shock. Her marriage seven years ago to young "Eddie" Mooers, the heir to the great Yellow Aster Gold Mine, the richest gold mine in the United States, had been a great event. She had become immensely popular in the circle of Mooers's family friends, and was easily upholding the Mooers traditions. And she attracted a great deal of attention because she was said to be the most striking blonde in all Southern California—where native families still display a fringe of traces of Spanish days, when blonde-ness was a curiosity.

If it had been "Eddie" Mooers, now, who proposed going on the stage, or going into motion pictures, that would have been different. In his college days he joined the chorus of the "Morning Glories" burlesque troupe just for a lark, and was not particularly fascinated by his unique surroundings, until rescued by his mother. And once, when he grew angry at his college professor, he retaliated by almost running away with that professor's daughter. His mother again saved him. But nothing of the unconventional ever had been dreamed of his charming, vivacious young wife—certainly not that she could do such a plebeian thing as go on the stage.

But Mrs. Mooers said she was tired of seeing vampires who always were brunettes. "A real vampire has to display one

of the most valuable accomplishments a woman can have," said Mrs. Mooers, "the power to make her man love her. Why is it that all dramas, appealing daily, as they do, to millions and millions of our new generations, have to create the impression, gradually but certainly, that only a dark-haired woman—a brunette—can make the man she is interested in love her? It's ridiculous. Of course, the vampire uses her power with sinister intent. But it is the same power every woman wants to wield, the good woman reserving it for the man she wants to marry, or the man to whom she is married. But if this 'brunette-only-vampire' idea continues to be drilled into our impressions, then gradually will come to think that the only woman who can arouse and lead the emotions is the brunette. I'm going to prove that idea all wrong."

And so Mrs. Mooers, with many, many more millions than she has had days of experience, went to New York and said to the great motion picture producers there: "I have come to be a vampire." "Impossible!" they replied. "A blonde vampire? Such a thing does not exist." "But I am here to prove to you," she returned, "that a blonde is the greatest of all vampires, when she turns her abilities that way. No brunette who ever lived, Delilah to the contrary notwithstanding, can lure and trap a man so quickly as can

a blonde, if she once sets her mind to it. I'll prove it, and I don't want any salary—for I've plenty of money of my own." So young and lovely Mrs. Mooers, "the most striking blonde in all California, with eyes the shade of a Colorado lake and hair the color of a Klondike nugget," has set out to prove the general belief that brunettes "were made for love and vampires, and blondes for ornaments and chums" completely erroneous.

It is interesting to observe that "Mrs. Mooers, in furthering her ambition, has science in her favor and science against her. Professor W. B. Mooney, chief of the extension department of the Colorado Teachers' College, not long ago completed a series of investigations into the characteristics of the blonde and brunette woman which have been generally adopted as conclusive in many leading universities throughout the world. Professor Mooney found that blondes are interestingly sharper, shrewder, more combative, and more likely to fight for their rights and hold on to their property—masculine or material—than the brunettes. He founded this conclusion upon a research into the very origin of blondeness—the prehistoric peoples of the North. These peoples had to struggle for their existence against a harsh climate; they had to fight for their food against an improvident nature; their women were not pampered and petted, but

made to carry their share of the tribal burdens, to master all the arts of trickery, subtlety, and quick-wittedness by which their tribes overcame the rigors of cold and famine.

"The blonde woman will hold her man against all odds," says Professor Mooney in his book, "Mental Measurements," "even if she has to fight for him to the death. In the first days of her existence she had virtually to trap her man, because the men of her tribe always were hungry, and a hungry man seldom has thoughts of love. She learned to bait him with such wiles as were hers to fall back upon, and, having baited him, she held him in a bondage as firm as iron."

So far science is on the side of Mrs. Mooers. For the vampire first must "bait" her man, and then she must hold him until she is ready to sunder his fetters and cast him aside.

But, on the other hand, "The brunettes," says Professor Mooney, "descends from the women of the warm countries. Her tribes had food in abundance—they merely had to pluck it from the trees, or finger in the earth for it. Their life was largely listless—palliated only by their intertribal clashes. The women of these tribes soon discovered that her sex embodied her, by various artful practices, to influence the men to bring her food to her, sparing her the necessity of

The Shoulder Display Which All Conventional "Vamps" Regard As Essential.

bunting for it. She traded kisses for a meal, and lured her man by coquetry, in which she had plenty of time to become a master."

So the brunette was given to coquetry and kisses—as any vampire must be. Her science is against Mrs. Mooers.

In summing up his observations, Professor Mooney says: "A brunette weeps quicker, screams easier, and caresses often than does a blonde; a blonde is more self-possessed in an emergency, more unemotional as concerns the tendencies of her heart, and when she does kiss she makes that kiss count."

Mrs. Mooers agrees wholly with this last observation of the learned scientist. "That is just the difference between a blonde vampire and a brunette one," she says. "The vampires we are accustomed to, the black-haired ones, kiss much and often. To kiss is their second nature. They would rather kiss than say 'thank you.' Their careers are endowed with more of art than sincerity."

"But with the blonde it is different—and I am a blonde and so speak from an intimate knowledge. The blonde kisses her seldom, but when she does kiss, her soul goes with it. When she turns her head toward a vampire's goal, she has more in her one kiss with which to lure her intended victim than has a brunette in a score of her caresses."

Mr. Mooers is quite willing that his charming wife expound her theories upon the screen, but there are some of his relatives, millionaires like himself, who are not. So there was a bargain made—Mrs. Mooers, as De Sola Saville, is to have a year as the blonde vampire of the screen. Each month her rich husband is to visit

Mr. E. D. Mooers, Who Is Watching His Wife's Experiment with Indulgent Interest.

her in her studio, accompanied by representatives of his relatives. They are to watch Mrs. Mooers's progress quite closely. And if, at the end of the year, Mrs. Mooers still remains the lovely, charming, conventional young woman her friends know so well, all is to be well at the Mooers mansion. But if being a vampire on the screen has made her too unconventional in her demeanor—then there may be a different story. That is the agreement in the Mooers family.



Mrs. Edward Demarest Mooers in Street Costume.



Mrs. E. D. Mooers, Who Is Watching His Wife's Experiment with Indulgent Interest.



Chart of Some of the Most Important Glands in the Human Body Which Secrete Substances of Vital Importance; Not Fully Understood by Medical Men.

Has Science Found the Secret of Perpetual Youth?

Dr. Nascher, the Specialist on Diseases of Old Age, Explains for Grafting Glands Is Feasible Really Can Be Done

FROM earliest times mankind has fought against Old Age—for centuries alchemists have searched their laboratories for the "Elixir of Life;" even so intelligent an explorer as De Leon traveled the wilds of America hunting for the "Fountain of Youth," and at the present moment a modern scientist has renewed hopes by claiming promising results from grafting glands of the youthful into the worn-out bodies of the aged.

Can the aged be rejuvenated? Is there an Elixir of Life? Is Perpetual Youth attainable? What does Dr. Voronoff's gland grafting amount to? What really can be done to delay old age and retain the feelings and appearance of youth as long as possible?

All this is discussed and explained on this page to-day by Dr. I. L. Nascher, the leading American authority on old age and the care of the aged, formerly special lecturer on Geriatrics (old age) in Fordham University, author of "Geriatrics: The Diseases of Old Age and Their Treatment."

Old Age Deferred

By Dr. I. L. Nascher

PERPETUAL youth is to the physician what perpetual motion is to the mechanic—a dream of the impossible. Perpetual youth, like perpetual motion, is theoretically impossible, yet the impossible has often been accomplished despite unanswerable theoretical objections. Perpetual means a long time, but it does not mean eternal, and perpetual youth does not mean everlasting life. It means, rather, that while life lasts the spirit and buoyancy of youth, and the appearance corresponding, can be maintained.

Is rejuvenescence can be effected—and I know from my own experience that it can be—there is no valid reason why the appearance and feelings of youth cannot be maintained indefinitely without first passing into the aged stage. We must remember that old and aged are not synonymous, that many persons are aged before they are old, others grow old yet age but slightly.

In the strict scientific sense age refers to the condition of the organs and tissues, but the popular conception of age is based upon the feelings and appearance. In the strict scientific sense perpetual youth is as impossible as the reversal of time, yet theoretically it should not be so, but in the popular sense the maintenance as well as the restoration of the feelings and appearance of youth have both been accomplished.

To get a true conception of youth and age we must take into account the three factors the appearance, feelings and the state of the organs and tissues. The last is the essential factor yet it is the one which has been least studied and least considered in the innumerable experiments that have been made to produce rejuvenescence.

The process of aging is a natural process like growth but it is often hastened by disease and improper living. Under improper living we include not only improper food and insufficient or ill-timed rest, but everything else that plays a part in our mode of life. The way we eat as well as the kind of food, the way we dress, the air we breathe and the freedom of chest expansion, our sleeping time, our sleeping quarters, our recreations, our social relations, our work, the way we handle, sit, lie or recline, our mental activities, including the emotions, our habits of life, all influence the process of aging.

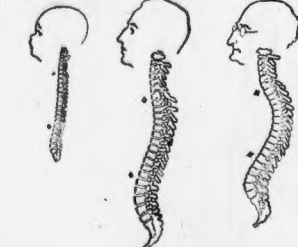
Let us take a simple instance to show this. The air we breathe holds fine particles of dust. With the first breath the infant takes it inhales this dust, and while most of it is caught by fine hairs in the upper part of the bronchial tubes and is coughed out or carried out by the expired air, some dust reaches the fine air cells and a little works its way through these cells into the lung substance. The baby's lungs are pink, but the gradual accumulation of this dust in the lungs turns them dark. The farmer's lungs are greenish grey, because the dust in the farming districts is derived mainly from vegetable matter. The lungs of the dweller in the city where much soft coal is used are nearly black, or have large areas containing black pigment.

In cities where there is no soft coal, the lungs become dark grey. In densely populated sections the lungs are darker than the lungs of persons of the same age in the thinly populated districts. After the lungs have reached their complete growth, the continuous accumulation of dust diminishes the aerating surface and the blood does not receive sufficient oxygen. Every form of activity in the body causes waste which is carried away by the blood, and the blood also carries the material to repair the waste.

If the blood is not completely oxygenated its carrying capacity is lessened, waste accumulates and repair is incomplete. Muscle is not completely repaired, or it may be replaced by fibrous tissue, for which a poorer blood supply will suffice for nutrition. When the muscle fibres in the arteries are thus replaced, the arteries become harder, their elasticity is diminished, and less force is exerted in sending the blood to the terminals in the organs. The organs now receive less blood and poorer blood, their texture is altered and they cannot perform their functions as well as when they were in their most perfect state.

This is just what happens in the process of aging. The end result can be traced to other causes besides the inhalation of dust, indeed this inhalation of dust is looked upon as one of the incidental, not one of the essential, causes of aging. A dust free atmosphere is theoretically possible, but practically impossible for dust has been found out at sea, on the tops of mountains and in laboratories where every means to exclude dust is employed.

There are causes of aging which can be controlled and eradicated, and some, like the inhalation of dust,



Interesting Diagram Showing the Straight Backbone of a Child, the Normal Curves of the Backbone of Middle Age and the Compressed and Hardened Cartilages of the Backbone of the Aged. No Medical Treatment Can Prevent This.

which can be minimized, but there are some which are so intimately bound up with life itself that they cannot be eliminated without causing death. As aging is a part of the phenomena of life, it cannot be prevented, but it can usually be retarded, as it is almost always hastened by countless little faults in our mode of living.

When we eat more than the body requires the excess is either stored as fat or it must be eliminated, and the eliminating organs must do unnecessary work. After complete development has been reached unnecessary or excessive work causes more rapid degeneration with more rapid functional impairment, and so closely interrelated are the functions that functional impairment of one organ causes functional impairment and consequent anatomical change in others.

As all the organs and tissues do not begin to age together there is a lack of harmony in the functional relations soon after the first organ begins to degenerate, but ordinarily this is not noticed until about the sixtieth year. The individual then knows and feels that he is aging, although some of the signs of aging such as grey hairs, wrinkles, the abdominal pouch, flabby muscles, etc., may have been noticed many years before.

The symptoms, the subjective manifestations which the individual feels, and the signs, the objective manifestations observable by others, can generally be remedied and perhaps prevented; the changes in the organs cannot. Functions can be stimulated so that they will be as active as in youth, but this very stimulation hastens the degeneration of the organs.

It is possible, however, that the internal secretion of certain glands of the body have the power to prevent or retard degeneration of the organs or stimulate their repair when they are degenerating. Our knowledge of the action of these glands and their internal secretions is still meagre, but we know that they have a profound influence upon growth, repair, energy, the development of sex and other characteristics, indeed upon all the vital functions. Each gland has its particular function in maintaining the complex, interrelated activities that we call life, but so far as these glands and their functions have been studied it has been found that they also exert a corrective and stabilizing influence upon each other.

Some glands manufacture an external secretion which is carried away to some other organ by a duct. The liver, for example, makes bile, which is carried through the bile duct to the gall bladder. Other glands have no duct, and they manufacture an internal secretion which enters the blood through very fine blood vessels which pass through the gland substance. Some, perhaps all, of the glands having an external secretion, have also an internal secretion, but the latter is apparently of little importance, the elaboration of the external secretion being the main function of the gland. The internal secretion of the ductless glands is, however, of the greatest importance in carrying on the functions of life.

Thus the secretion of the adrenal glands, the small bodies that lie on top of the kidneys, maintains the tone of the blood vessels and controls blood pressure. The thyroid secretion assists in the oxidation of tissue during activity and incidentally it counteracts excessive ac-

tivity of the adrenals. In goitre a disease of the thyroid gland, there is palpitation of the heart because the diseased gland does not regulate the activity of the adrenals.

It is safe to assume that when there is a general degeneration of the organs and tissues including the ductless glands, as occurs in old age, no one gland will restore the degenerated organs and tissues or stimulate their functional activity. If the functional activity of a gland be stimulated, or renewed, through gland replacement surgically or through internal medication, or through increased repair, secondary effects in other organs are produced.

The main function of the bile is to emulsify the fats that enter the duodenum, the first part of the bowel; its secondary effect is to stimulate the bowels. The thyroid secretion stimulates the oxidation of fat (hence its use in obesity), but it also counteracts the function of the adrenal secretion and stimulates the kidneys and the breast glands.

These secondary effects will occur in closely related organs and not in all the organs and tissues of the body. A replaced or repaired gland will be subject to the same degenerating influences as the other tissues, and in a short time it will degenerate and a new replacement will be necessary.

In some, the secretion of the gland, given as medication, will stimulate the activity of the gland, as when the liver is inactive the administration of bile will increase the bile output of the liver.

The hormone or internal secretion of the spleen stimulates the activity of the bowels. Thyroid extract replaces deficient thyroid secretion in diseases of that gland. The hormone or internal secretion of this gland stimulates the oxidation of fat in the body and incidentally it regulates the activity of the adrenal glands, increases the activity of the kidneys and lessens the tolerance of the body for sugar. But the action of these substances, whether taken internally or introduced surgically by grafting gradually wears away and increasing doses are required, which finally cause such excessive incidental or secondary effects in other organs that they must be discontinued.

If the glands are replaced surgically the new glands become part of the body and are then subject to the same influences that affect other glands. If grafted during youth they will grow like other glands; if grafted during old age they will act for a short time like new, rejuvenated glands, but they will soon be subjected to the same degeneration from the present glands to degenerate and they will degenerate like the others.

When white skin is grafted on a colored man the white skin soon turns dark. The graft, whether skin or gland, soon takes the characteristics of the rest of the body, though for a short time it retains its own characteristics and even imposes some of them upon the organism as in the transplantation of the interstitial tissue. For this reason it is folly to expect permanent results from the present method.

It will produce a temporary but not a perpetual rejuvenescence. The particular gland employed by Voronoff will restore vitality, but it is not at all certain if the accompanying mental stimulation is due to the gland action itself or to the psychic effect of such restorative power. Over thirty years ago Brown-Sequard employed an extract of this gland upon himself and others and he made the same announcement that Voronoff made recently.

For several months thereafter factories having facilities for making glandular extracts worked overtime to supply the demand for Brown-Sequard's Elixir of Life but when, on August 16, 1889, ten persons in Slomokin, Pa., died after taking the treatment, and deaths were reported in other places, the demand suddenly ceased and in the course of years Brown-Sequard's Elixir was forgotten. Two years ago Doctor Lydston, of Chicago, reported in the medical press his experiments, begun two years before, with this gland which he employed in the same manner as Voronoff did, but Lydston did not make the extraordinary claims made by the French savant, though he went further than Voronoff, for he employed the glands from human beings while Voronoff employed the gland from a monkey. That the restoration of vitality will induce a feeling of youthful buoyancy and renewed mental and physical energy is readily understood, for no disease will produce such profound mental depression as the loss of this function.

The restoration of this function is reflected in the appearance. The countenance becomes brighter, wrinkles disappear as an expression of joy replaces the gloom and the individual takes better care of himself and makes a conscious effort to appear attractive. We see the same change in the old man who marries a young woman or begins to associate with the young. The change is psychic,

not physical, though some physical changes may be brought about through the accessories employed in improving the appearance.

Through the use of shoulder braces which keep the shoulders back the upper part of the chest is more fully expanded, more air enters the lungs, the blood is more fully oxygenated, and the nutrition of the whole organism is improved. Within a few days the sallowness of age is replaced by the healthy flush of youth, and the improved circulation causes increased functional activity. An abdominal supporter which holds up and back the abdominal pouch, strengthens the intestines and there is improved bowel activity. Cold cream having an animal fat base softens the skin and at the same time it increases the nutrition of the skin. These are but a few of the many measures that are employed to improve the appearance and which incidentally improve the condition of organs and tissues.

The principal feature in rejuvenescence, so far as the individual is concerned, is the improvement in his feelings. Various measures can be employed, but those which restore vitality will as a rule produce the most profound effect and secondary effects. The method employed by the servants of David to rejuvenate the king when he was old and stricken in years is still often tried, and is occasionally successful.

In the eighth century Abu Jaffar el Sofi Gebir, the founder of the Arabian school of alchemy, announced his belief in the existence of the Major Magisterium, which would dissolve all things, transmute base metals into gold, cure diseases, rejuvenate the aged, and for a thousand years investigators sought the Philosopher's Stone, the Grand Elixir, the Red Tincture, the Panacea, the Aurum Potabile, the Major Magisterium of Gebir. In the seventeenth century Brandt of Hamburg, while engaged in such investigation, discovered phosphorus, and as he found that it stimulated vitality he announced his discovery as the true Panacea.

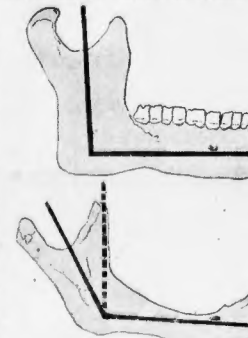
Since that time almost every remedy which has been advocated for restoring the spirit of youth contained phosphorus, either in its pure state, in chemical combination or in the form of lecithin, the form in which it exists in the body. Professor Garner, the naturalist who has been making a study of the apes in Africa, tells me that the aged natives of West Africa employ the leaves of an indigenous tree for the purpose of restoring youth. The natives of Mexico use daniama for this purpose, and South American Indians have faith in the efficacy of coca.

Critical investigation of the action of the various drugs recommended and used for the purpose of restoring the spirit and vigor of youth show that most of them have a mild temporary stimulating effect upon one organ or set of organs and the increased functioning ability causes a temporary psychic stimulation. But it has also been found that the functional stimulation causes more rapid degeneration of the organs and finally there is complete loss of functional power. This has been the main obstacle to success in producing permanent rejuvenescence.

Recently a new method of restoring the spirit of youth has been tried which promises complete and permanent success. It has been found that the high frequency electrical current can be so applied that it will increase the body warmth, not alone the surface temperature, but the internal heat, and it also stimulates the nutrition of the whole organism.



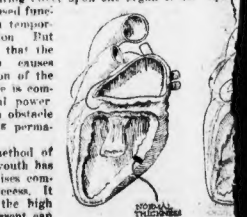
How the Lungs of a Young Man Differ from Those of an Old Man.



Angle of the Jaw of Man in the Prime of Life and the Shrunken Jaw and Changed Angle of the Jawbone of the Aged and Toothless.



The Brain Which Completely Fills the Skull Up to the Beginning of Old Age—And How the Brain Shrinks Late in Life—No Medical or Surgical Device Can Remedy This.



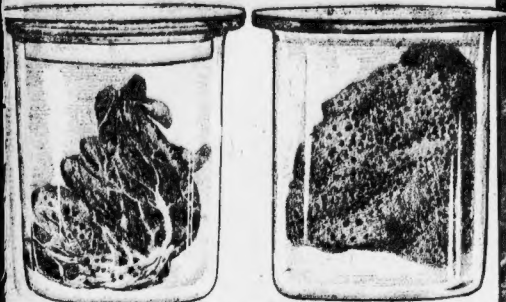
Showing the Difference in Thickness of the Walls of the Arteries in the Prime of Life and in Old Age.

Perpetual Youth?

Why the New Craze

File and Tells What

to Keep Young



The Enlarged and Old Age Heartened by the Dust and Dirt of Modern Life. The Pink Heart Living on a Farm—Long of a Chicago Shop Girl. Sooty and Streaked with Dust—Black Soot-filled Lung of a Pittsburgh Factory Worker.

all of this stimulation repels is more active
pure of degenerated organs and tissues is im-
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he lies, forming the electrode. The other
electrode is usually held in the
hands or sometimes two electrodes
are used, one held in the hands,
the other placed at the feet.

The violet ray current, which
is applied through a vacuum tube,
is absolutely useless for the
purpose of restoring degenerated tissue.
It produces no internal heat, and its
effect is local and superficial.

By the auto-condensation meth-
od of applying the high frequency
current the whole body is heated
throughout, the blood vessels be-
come dilated and carry more blood,
and the organs and tissues receive
a better blood supply for their nu-
trition. Being better nourished, re-
pair becomes more complete and the
degeneration of age is retarded and
may even be temporarily overcome.



Photograph of Dr. F. L. Nascher, the Specialist on Old Age, and the High Frequency Electrical Machine He Uses in His Laboratories.

It is probable that the high frequency current has other
effects upon the body besides the production of heat, al-
though no other effects have been demonstrated. Low
frequency currents have electrolytic chemical effects, and
stimulate nerves and muscles, but while no such effects are
produced by high frequency current the general improve-
ment in the organism is greater than can be ascribed to
the effect of the heat alone.

This is true rejuvenescence, not an apparent rejuven-
escence such as is produced by the restoration of virility
and its secondary psychic effect. In true rejuvenescence
the essential factor in ageing, the degeneration of tissues,
is overcome and this improvement in the organs and tis-
sues themselves causes increased functional activity and con-
sequent bodily and mental energy, including restored vir-
ility.

In the recorded instances where the appearance and
feeling of youth were restored without improving the con-
dition of the organs the degeneration was more rapid and
death ensued in a few years. Doctor Faustus, the Faust of
Goethe and Gounod, died at the age of fifty-three. Para-
celus, who claimed to have discovered the Panacea, died a
year after his announcement at the age of fifty-one. Brown-
Squard survived the announcement of his discovery



For Centuries Alchemists Have Searched in Vain in Their Laboratories for the Elixir of Life as Mankind from Earliest Times Has Fought Against Old Age.—Painting by Hon. John Collier.

years. Brandt of Hamburg died soon after he discovered
phosphorus. They used a new kind of fuel that developed
more energy, they got more activity out of the old engine,
but they did nothing to strengthen the old engine and the
complicated piece of machinery wore out so much sooner.

Will the gland employed by Voronoff simply restore
energy or will it repair the old engine? The experience
of thirty years ago does not give much encouragement for
permanent success. Far more encouraging are the experi-
ments made with the high frequency current. The result,
however, will be slow and gradual, not spectacular, there
will be no sudden change from old age to youth, but a
gradual reversal of the process of ageing, with a gradual
increase in vitality and energy and a restoration of the
buoyancy of youth.

Various measures can be employed to hasten the ap-
pearance and feelings of youth. Most potent are the
measures for restoring virility, since the restoration of
this function carries with it mental stimulation and the
desire to appear youthful. The psychic effect of this
functional restoration will itself improve the appearance,
causing a brighter and more lively expression and in-
creased energy, while the desire to look young will lead
to the employment of accessories and artifices to enhance
that appearance.

A purely psychic effect which does not necessitate
initial stimulation of the functional activity of an organ
is produced by association with the young. Some years
ago the late Dr. Abraham Jacobi, who died at the
age of eighty-nine, was asked how he maintained his
youthful spirit. He replied that he kept up his association
with young people, accepted new ideas and lived in
accordance with the spirit of the times. I know from
personal experience how great a change can be effected
in the personality, appearance and feelings of an ageing
individual by following the example of Dr. Jacobi.

After the forty-fifth or fiftieth year will power and
energy wane and it requires a conscious effort to keep
up with the times, adopt new ideas and maintain a youth-
ful appearance and spirit. While most ageing persons
have the desire and many have the will, few have the
energy, and fewer still care to stand the unjust ridicule

of those who do not understand that the effort to appear
youthful and attractive arises from the retention of the
spirit and buoyancy of youth.

A rapid apparent rejuvenescence, with a slow true
rejuvenescence, can be accomplished by a combination of
the high frequency current treatment and the adoption
of the artificial measures for improving the feelings and
appearance. Incidental causes which induce rapid age-
ing, as insufficient sleep, improper food, irrational recra-
tions, must be avoided.

Some of the most popular measures for improving the
appearance are injurious. Face powders without excep-
tion block the pores of the skin, prevent perspiration and
make the skin dry and tawny. Cold cream, having an
animal fat base, will soften the skin and nourish it, but it
also stimulates the growth of hair. This can be overcome
by depilatories. The greaseless cold cream softens the
skin for a short time, then it leaves the skin dryer than
before.

Objection to lip salves and eyebrow pencils can be
made on ethical grounds, but they are usually harmless.
Belladonna, used to dilate the pupils, is always dangerous,
and might cause blindness. Some of the vegetable hair
dyes are harmless, but the mineral dyes, which are more
permanent, contain lead, silver or sulphur, and are always
injurious to the hair and scalp. Shoulder braces, corsets,
suspensories, abdominal belts and all mechanical ap-
pliances which will hold the shoulders back, the spine erect
and the abdominal walls up and back, are beneficial,
though at first irksome.

Most of the so-called tonics merely stimulate func-
tions, and do not improve the condition of the organs, and
while they serve to improve the feelings, they become
unnecessary after the high frequency current has begun
to exert its effect.

But the essential causes of ageing and the secondary
causes, such as the continued inhalation of dust, will con-
tinue and in time make the organs incapable of perform-
ing their functions, and death ensues. Under the com-
bined treatment the appearance and feelings of youth
ought to be maintained until the end, and in this sense
perpetual youth is possible.

A Dangerous Way to Win A Husband

Dr. Edith Hall Smith, of Wellesley College, Explains How Too Short Skirts, Too Thin Waists, Too Bare Backs and Other Suggestive Fashions Attract Only the Worst Kind of Mates—and Describes Her Experiments That Prove It

By Dr. Edith Hale Swift,
Medical Examiner of Wellesley College.

IT is time to adopt new and better modes of dress because the old ones have failed of their purpose.

The girl who sets forth wearing transparent chiffons, bare backs and knee-length skirts on her mission of husband-hunting finds that her ammunition is faulty. Thus equipped for hunting she bags the lesser man.

She may land a husband, but he is at best a poor imitation of the kind of mate she wants. She can attract a worthwhile man by the candid parade of her physical charms, but only on the lesser side. She cannot hold him.

She can lead him by a chiffon scarf to the altar—but no further.

Every girl more or less consciously dresses with one object. That is to get a husband. When she finds that the kind of clothes she is buying secures for her only a second or third or fourth class companion on the joy of life, I hope she will abandon the indecent forms of dress.

Recently at the International Conference of Women Physicians, held at the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association headquarters in New York, I occasioned controversy by these statements.

Mrs. Beatrice Forbes Robertson Hale dissented from my views.

She said women dressed for class. Her view was that cooks sardonically try to imitate queens.

I am willing to grant that the desire to rise in the social scale is a factor in the dress of mature women. But the big, controlling factor in the dress of most women, particularly of the younger members of the sex, is to win the male of the species.

I uttered my warning at the conference of doctors because I have learned in my confidential practice and my observation of life that young women are failing in their primary and worthy purpose. They must find another means of gaining that purpose.

They must stalk their prey from another side.

I have had occasion to do a great deal of talking to girls of many classes, in Boston I have addressed college girls and the wards of the charitable organizations. The intermediate grades of business and professional women have been in my audiences. From all I have drawn the admission that expensive and, in the matter of weight and covering, inconsiderable clothing is chosen because men like it.

Girls whom I have persuaded to be frank have said:

"We would rather wear sensible, durable clothes. But when we do the men don't notice us. When we wear silly, thin-as-paper blouses the men sit up and take notice. It never fails."

I asked some of the girls for whom I am friend and counselor to make the experiment.

"Try another point of attack," I said. "The sex interest is ephemeral. He has many other deeper and more enduring interests. Learn to play a good game of tennis and talk to him about tennis. Read the newspapers and talk about the news."

The girls followed the plan faithfully. Of that there can be no doubt. They applied themselves diligently to the solution of the problem. If they could attract the male and hook a husband without undue outlay of their earnings or allowances and more display of person than modestly permitted they preferred to do so.

But after due trial they reported failure. "The girls who wore the flesh-colored blouses so like the skin that you couldn't tell where one ended and the other began got all the attention," they told me.

"The girls who wore their skirts up to their knees grabbed all the partners at the dances. There was a girl who had painted her mouth until it looked like a cherry that was ready to drop to the ground. She had three proposals of marriage at one weekend visit."

Discouraging, but not hopeless. I asked the girls to describe the men who were thus easily hooked. They were youths who lived on roulettes or who earned small salaries. Those whose names signified anything hadn't made them self-sufficient. They had inherited the significance. They weren't even strong, physically fit men. They don't distinguish themselves even at athletics.

Then I said:



Two Extreme Fashions, Types of Those Against Which the Pope Is Thundering and Which Are, Says Dr. Swift Just the Right Kind of Dresses to Attract the Worst Kind of Husbands

"Well, girls, granted the vulgar type of dressing does attract all men, and that it is built upon the matrimonial hook for some of them, would you like to have such husbands?"

Most of them agreed they wouldn't.

A few said: "But a girl is expected to marry. And most girls do. If there aren't enough men of the right kind, we'll have to take the rest."

"That," I replied, "promises badly for the future of our race."

I acknowledged frankly in my talks to the girls of many strata of society that there is an appeal to every man in the too thin, too low at the neck, too short at the hem, too tight at the hip line attire.

Every woman who knows the truth about her husband knows this. It is true of good husbands as of bad ones.

But I maintained and maintain that the lure is only for their lesser side. It does not last.

To use the phrase of the late David Graham Phillips: "The legs of a man's desire are not long, and they do not carry him far. Women don't know that."

I urged them to adopt substantial methods to win substantial men.

The substantial method is proof of permanent companionship.

Amability, intelligence, vivacity, sympathy are better than George's sleek, knee-length skirts, constricted hips, bare backs and insufficiently braesed fronts.

The woman who dresses with the primary purpose of sex appeal must pursue that art or business to the exclusion or neglect of all others. She is the bondswoman of the manufacturer. It is not enough that she wear diaphanous garments that leave little to the exercise of the imagination.

I do not decry these man hunts, if their object be matrimony. Instinctively, and sometimes unconsciously, a girl is seeking a mate. Acquaintanceship comes more easily, and a kind of feverish friendship follows more quickly, when she wears the latest in fashion, inappropriate thought it may be to her life and character.

But in the end she defeats her purpose. I differentiate between proper and improper attire by saying that right attire

She must also make frequent changes. The husband hunt is an expensive pursuit.

"Clothes may be ever so pretty, ever so becoming, but their charm is dulled by accustomedness. They are as a beautiful face that seen across the table three times a day becomes less interesting to the gazer than new and plainer faces."

So in the attire that is for sex appeal there must be change, change, change. That is the root of feminine extravagance.

To attract a man one costume, if daring enough, will suffice. But to prolong that attraction boxes must come from the couturiere's with amazing frequency.

It was a professional beauty who knew well her art who required a new hat every week of the year.

Girls who wish to utilize their brief charm of youth to catch a husband well know that to draw a man's eyes from the charms of other, must please his eye.

She seeks to do this by the brightest colors, the thinnest fabrics and the most daring designs she can find. That the origin of the imported fashions is the couturiere of Paris, for whom Parisian fashions are designed, does not dismay her. She is intent upon her aim—the securing of a husband.

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But in the end she defeats her purpose. I differentiate between proper and improper attire by saying that right attire

emphasizes the personality, wrong attire the person.

The best example of dress that avoids any emphasis of the person is the garb of the nun. Full, straight dresses, the weight and fullness of which hang from the shoulders



The Devices by Which the Courtesan Ensnarers Her Prey Are Not the Kind of Appeal Which Wins the Respect of the Right Kind of a Man or Makes Durable Bonds of Matrimony, Points Out Dr. Swift, Calling Attention to Exactly the Same Situation Which the Hon. John Collier Has Symbolized in This Famous Painting—"The Man Hunters."



A Type of Walking Gowns Whose Lines Are Modest Yet Entirely Attractive

emphasizes the personality, wrong attire the person. The best example of dress that avoids any emphasis of the person is the garb of the nun. Full, straight dresses, the weight and fullness of which hang from the shoulders

ders are theirs. Even the hair, which to some has a lure and coquetry, is hidden. You look at, you think only of their faces. It should be so with the secular attire of women.

The costume should be as the stem and the calyx of the rose, surely a background for the flower. A woman's clothes should serve the two main objects. It should be a sufficient covering and should throw the face into relief.

That the manufacturers have wandered far from the aims of health and propriety in dress I can prove to you in a sentence. Our committee that had in charge the matter of providing an exhibition of proper clothing had to spend two days in going through one of the leading stores to select a few suitable costumes. The work should have lasted but half an hour.

But we spent two days. And we had the heavy co-operation of every one in the store.

Models were shown at our demonstration, of which we approved in the main. The requisites seemed to be few.

We voted that hygiene be served by an easily removable lining. And we insisted that a woman should be clad so that there should be no constriction. Personally I believe in and wear the corset. But it is not a tight one.

A model that pleased us consisted of a foundation that was composed of a union of shirt and bloomers. This easily could be removed, easily could be cleaned.

Over this was worn a sleeveless one-piece gown of dark serge. The lines were nearly straight, yet curved gracefully at the waist line. It was slipped on easily and snapped at the shoulders. Over this slip a long, graceful cape could be worn and fastened by a clasp at the neck or breast or by straps crossing beneath the cape at the back.

When all women dress modestly and hygienically the husband hunt will proceed upon higher lines and the huntresses will not bag the lesser game.

The Nun's Modest Garb Which Dr. Swift Believes the Ideal Dress for Women.

More elaborate was a second garment. The dress had no lining, for each one was made with a washable blouse. This, too, was a straight garment hanging from the shoulders. It could be trimmed with lengthwise or horizontal rows of buttons, or more elaborately with ruffles. A slip of dark serge or gabardine could be worn in the morning for the street. The wearer on returning to her home could wear it a dainty coat of crepe or chiffon in any desired color. A short coat or longer tunic could be embroidered or painted at the will and purse of the wearer.

An objection was heard from the audience that a gown that had been worn on the street should not be worn indoors. The germ theory was raised and the protection of the household from bacillus invaders argued.

I should negative that objection myself. For since skirts are short, they will not carry home the germs gathered from the streets. If dust has settled upon the garment a brushing will remove it. At all events the bacillus is maleficent only in its moist form. Dry, it is innocuous.

I believe that these basic ideas brought out by the clothes demonstration were good. Personally I do not favor a uniform. But I heartily approve a plan for a basic hygienic style into which a woman may introduce variants according to her taste.

When all women dress modestly and hygienically the husband hunt will proceed upon higher lines and the huntresses will not bag the lesser game.

When all women dress modestly and hygienically the husband hunt will proceed upon higher lines and the huntresses will not bag the lesser game.

She and Allan *By Sir H. Rider Haggard*

(Continued from last Sunday)

CHAPTER VI. The Sea-Cow Hunt.

NOW it had been my intention to push forward across the river as soon as dawn, but here I was against me. To begin with, several of Umslopogass's men felt sick with a kind of stomach trouble, arising no doubt from something they had eaten. This, however, was not their view, or that of Umslopogass himself. It happened that one of these men, Gorocho by name, who practised as a witch doctor in his lighter moments, suspected that a spell had been cast upon them. Therefore he organised a "mole-ing-out," at which Umslopogass, who was as superstitious as the rest, assisted. So did Hans, although he called himself a Christian, partly out of curiosity and partly from fear lest some implication should be brought against him in his absence.

I saw the business going on from a little distance and, uneasy myself, thought it well to keep an eye upon the proceedings in case anything untoward should occur, which I did with Miss Ives, who had never seen anything of the sort, as a companion.

The circle, a small one, was formed in the usual fashion; Gorocho rigged up in the best witch-doctor's costume that he could improvise, duly came under the influence of his "spirit," and skipped about waving a white-bow-tie tail, and so forth. Finally, to my horror, he broke out of the ring, and running to a group of spectators from the village, switched Thomaso, who was standing among them with a lordly and contemptuous air, across the face with the em's tail, shouting out that he was the wizard who had poisoned the sick man. Thereon Thomaso, who, like most of the breed, was not remarkable for courage, promptly bolted, none attempting to follow him.

After this, just as I thought that the men had come for me to speak a few earnest words to Umslopogass, pointing out that matters must go no further as regards Thomaso, whom I knew that he and his people hated, Gorocho was seized with a new inspiration. Throwing down his white, he lifted his arms above his head and stared at the heavens. Then he began to shout out something in a loud voice which evidently frightened his hearers, as I could see from the expressions of their faces. Even Umslopogass was alarmed, for he felt his axe fall, rose as though to speak, then sat down again and covered his eyes with his hands.

In a minute it was over; Gorocho seemed to become normal, looked some stuff, and, as I guessed, after the usual fashion of these doctors, began to ask what he had been saying while the "spirit" possessed him. The circle, too, broke up, and his members began to talk to each other in a subdued way, while Umslopogass remained seated on the ground, brooding, and Hans slipped away in his spirit-like fashion, doubtless in search of me.

"What was it all about, Mr. Quatermain?" asked Tom. "Well, a lot of nonsense," I said. "I fancy that witch-doctor declared that Thomaso put something into those men's food to make them sick."

"I dare say that he did; it would be just like him," Mr. Quatermain, as I know that he takes them, especially Umslopogass, of whom I am very fond. He brought me some mouldy flowers this morning and made a loud speech which I could not understand."

The idea of Umslopogass, that man of blood and iron, bringing flowers to a young lady was so absurd that I broke out laughing, and even the sad-faced Irish smiled. Then she left me to see about something and I went to Hans and asked him what had happened.

"Something rather queer," I think, he answered, "though I did not quite understand the last part. Gorocho smelt out Thomaso as the man who had made them sick, and though they will not kill him because we are guests here, these Zulus are very angry and will kill him if they get a chance. But that is only the small half of the stick," he paused.

"What is the big half, then?" I asked with irritation.

"Baan, the spirit in Gorocho!"

"The Jackass in Gorocho, you mean," I interrupted.

"However, whatever it is that makes Gorocho speak, got hold of

him so that his lips said, though he remembered nothing of it afterward, that soon this place would be red with blood, that there would be a great killing here, that is all."

"Red with blood? Whose blood? What did the food mean?"

"I don't know, Baas, but what you call the Jackass in Gorocho declared that those who were 'with the Great Medicine'—meaning what you wear, Baas—will be quite safe. So I hope that it will not be our blood; also that you will get out of this place as soon as you can."

Well, I scolded Hans because he believed in what this doctor said, for I could see that he did believe it, and then went to question Umslopogass, whom I found looking quite pleased, which annoyed me still more.

"What is that Gorocho has been saying and why do you smile, Buller?" I asked.

"Nothing much, except that the man who looks like tallow gone bad put something in our food which made us sick, for which I

am sorry. Now he wished to undertake it again, taking advantage of my presence, both because of the value of the hides of the sea-cow, which were cut up and sold as blankets or shawls, and because of the sport of the thing. Also, I think he wished to show me that he was not altogether sunk in sloth and drink."

Great preparations were made. The river-side natives were summoned by hundreds and sent off to their appointed stations to beat the swamps at a signal given by the firing of a great pile of reeds.

Then came the time for us to depart to the appointed spot about twenty miles away. Captain Robertson, who for the time had cut off his sin, was as active about the affair as though he were once more in command of a mail steamer. Nothing escaped his attention and I learned how able a man he must once have been.

"Does your daughter accompany us?" I asked on the night before we started.

"Oh, no," he answered, "she

thought what there is to fear for her, I do not know, but I would much rather come and look after you, as your reverend father told me to do always, which is his duty, not grudgingly, Baas. Also my foot is now quite well and I want to shoot sea-cows, and"—here he paused.

"And what, Hans?"

"And Gorocho said that there was going to be much fighting, and if there should be fighting and you should come to harm because I was not there to protect you, then your reverend father think of me that!"

All of which I took at the time to mean two things—that Hans

we camped and next morning, leaving the wagon in charge of my Voorlooper and a couple of the Strathmair natives, for the driver was to act as my gunbearer, we marched down into the sea of bush-land. It proved to be full of game, but at this we dared not fire for fear of disturbing the hippopotami in the swamps beneath and driving them back to the river.

About midday we passed out of the bush-land and reached the place where the drive was to be. Here, bordered by steep banks covered with bush, was a swamp not more than three hundred yards wide, down the centre of which ran a narrow channel of rather deep

river natives to begin their beat. This done, we sat down and waited, after making sure that every gun had plenty of ammunition ready.

As the dawn broke, by climbing a tree near my schanz, or shelter, I saw a good many miles away to the south a wide circle of little fires, and guessed that the natives were beginning to respond to our signals. Presently these fires drew together into a thin wall of flame. Then I knew that it was time to return to the schanz and prepare. It was full daylight, however, before anything happened.

Watching the still channel of water, I saw ripples on it and bubbles of air rising. Suddenly

not think I ever saw a more remarkable scene.

As though the channel for quite a long way was literally full of hippopotami—I should think there must have been a hundred or more of all sorts and sizes, from great whales to a little calves. Not many of these were killed for the shooting of our guest company was execrable.

Still the unhappy beasts, crazed with noise and fire and blood, did not seem to draw back from the rido. For a while they remained massed together, making a most terrible noise. Then of a sudden a few of them broke back toward the burning reeds, the screaming beaters and the advancing canoes.

One wounded bull charged a canoe, crushed it in his huge jaws and killed the rover. The majority of them, however, emerging from the water on either side, began to scud toward us along the steep banks, or even to climb up them with surprising agility. It was at this point in the proceedings that I congratulated myself upon the solid character of the water-worn rock I had selected as a shelter.

Behind this rock, together with my gun-bearer and Umslopogass, who, as he did not shoot, had elected to be my companion, I crouched and banged away at the unwieldy creatures as they advanced. But fire fast as I might with two rifles, I could not stop the half of them—and they were drawing unpleasantly near. I glanced at Umslopogass and even then was amazed to see that probably for the first time in his life that redoubtable warrior was in a genuine fright.

"This is madness, Macumazahn," he shouted above the din. "Are we to stop here and be stamped flat by a horde of water-pigs?"

"It seems so," I answered, "unless you prefer to be stamped flat outside of our shelter." I added, pointing to a great crocodile that had also emerged from the channel and was coming along toward us with open jaws.

"By the Axe!" shouted Umslopogass again, "I will not die thus, trodden on like a slug by an ox." In his extremity Umslopogass threw two or three stones at the lamplighter, just as the crocodile wriggled past its trunk, snappet at his retreating legs. After this I took no more note of him, partly because of the advance and noise, and more for the reason that one of the village natives posted above me, firing wildly, put a large round bullet through the sleeve of my coat. Indeed, had it not been for the wall that protected us, I am certain that both my bearer and I would have been killed.

Well, thanks to the strength of my rock and to the wall of fire, and afterward, to Zihali's Great Medicine, we escaped unhurt. The rush went by; indeed, I killed one sea-cow close to the post. But he actually burned it black. But it did go by, leaving us untouched. All, however, were not so fortunate, since of the village natives two or three others, and, among them, a third had his leg broken.

Also, and this was really amusing, a bewildered bull charging at full speed, crashed into the trunk of Umslopogass's tree, and crashed it in two. Down came the top in which the dignified chief was ensconced like a bird in a nest, though at that moment there was precious little dignity about him. However, except for scratches he was not hurt as the hippopotamus did, not so to settle with him.

Well, the scene which happened to a man who mixes himself up with matters of which he knows nothing," said Umslopogass sentimentally to me afterward. But all the same he could never bring any allusion to this tree-climbing episode, which had taken place in full view of his retainers, among whom it remained the greatest of jokes. It was all over at last, for which I thanked Providence. A good many of the sea-cows were dead—I think twenty-one was my exact best—but my guest, Macumazahn, had taken place in one way or another. I imagine that at last the bulk of the herd overcame its fears, and swimming through our screens moved away down the channel. At any rate, they were gone, and having ascertained that there was nothing to be done for the main body had been scattered on either side of the channel, I crossed it in the canoe with the object of returning quietly to our camp to rest.

(Continued on Page



"Sad-Eyes shot one with a pistol and wounded another so that the spear fell out of his hand."

would kill him he be not Red-head's servant and it would frighten his daughter. Also he said that soon there would be fighting, which is why I smiled who grow weary of peace. We came out to fight, did we not?"

"Certainly not," I answered. "We came out to make a quiet journey in strange lands."

I could get no more out of him, so having extracted a promise from him that nothing should happen to Thomaso, I went away.

Still, the whole incident left a disagreeable impression on my mind, and I began to wish that we were safe across the Zambesi. But we could not start at once, because two of the Zulus were still not well enough to travel and there were many preparations to be made about the loads, since the wagon must be left behind. Also, Hans had a sore upon his foot, resulting from the prick of a poisonous thorn, and it was desirable that this should be quite healed before we marched.

So I was quite glad when Captain Robertson suggested that we should go down to a certain swamp to take part in a kind of hippopotamus battle. It seemed that at this season these great animals frequented the place in numbers; also that by barring a neck of deep water through which they gained it, they, or a proportion of them, could be cut off and killed. This had been done once or twice in the past, though not at late, perhaps because Captain Robertson had lacked the energy to organize such

would only be in the way. She will be quite safe here, except as Thomaso, who is no hunter, remains in charge of the place with a few of the older natives to look after the women and children."

"Late!" I saw Ives herself, who said that she would have liked to come, although she hated to see great beasts killed, but that her sister was against it because she thought she might catch fever."

I agreed, though in my heart I was doubtful, and said that I would leave Hans, whose foot was not as yet quite well, and with whom she had made friends, as she had done with Umslopogass, to look after her. Also, there would be with him the two great Zulus, who were recovering from their stomach sickness, so that she would have nothing to fear. She answered, with her slow smile, that she feared nothing. Then we parted, as I proved, for a long time.

It was quite a ceremony. Umslopogass, "in the name of the Axe," solemnly gave over the charge of his two followers, bidding them guard her with so much earnestness that I began to suspect he feared something which he did not choose to mention. I also gave Hans instructions to keep a sharp eye on Ives and generally watch the place, and if he saw anything suspicious to communicate with us at once.

"Yes," said Hans, "I will look after 'Sad-Eyes'—for so with their usual quickness of observation the Zulus had named Ives, 'an' though she were my transducer, we were to hunt for sea-cows. Here

never liked being separated from me if he could help it, and that he must prefer a shooting trip to stopping alone in this strange place with nothing to do except eat and sleep."

In reality Hans was putting up a most gallant moral struggle against temptation. As I found out afterward, Captain Robertson had been giving him strong drink on the sly. Also he had shown him where, if he wanted it, he could get more, and Hans always wanted very badly indeed.

"You will stop here, Hans, look after the young lady and nurse your foot," I said, sternly, where he collapsed with a sigh and asked for some tobacco.

Meanwhile Captain Robertson, who I think had been taking a strong cup of tea, was making his farewell down in the village, for I saw him there kissing a collection of half-bred children, and giving Thomaso instructions to look after them and their mother. Returning at length he called to Ives to "keep a stiff upper lip" and not feel lonely, and commanded the cavalcade to start.

So off we went, about twenty of the village natives armed with every kind of gun, marching ahead and singing songs. Then came the wagon with Captain Robertson and myself on the driving-box, and lastly Umslopogass and his Zulus.

Before daylight we came to a ridge where the bush-land turned south, fringing that tributary of the great river in the swamps of which we were to hunt for sea-cows. Here

water, draining a vast expanse of moorland, it was up this channel that the sea-cows traveled to the feeding ground.

Here with the assistance of some of the river-side natives—the rest had made a wide detour to the head of the swamps, whence they were to advance at a certain signal—we made our preparations.

These were simple. A quantity of thorn trees were cut down and by means of heavy stones anchored in the narrow channel of deep water, while to their tops, which floated on the placid surface, were made a variety of rafts, such as old red flannel shirts, gay-colored but worn-out blankets, and I know not what besides. Some of these fragments also were attached to the anchored ropes under water. Also we selected places for the guns upon the steep banks between which the channel ran.

Forerunning what would happen, I chose one for myself behind a particularly stout rock, and, what is more, built a stone wall to the height of several feet on the landward side, as I guessed that the natives above me would prove with their shooting.

These labors occupied the rest of that day, and at night we retired to higher ground to sleep. Before dawn on the following morning we returned and took up our stations, some on one side of the channel and some on the other.

Before the sun rose Captain Robertson fired a huge pile of dried reeds, which was the signal to the

there appeared the head of a great bull hippopotamus, which, having caught sight of our batteries either above or below water, had risen to the surface. I put a bullet from an eight-bore rifle through its brain, whence it sank, as I guessed, stone dead to the bottom of the channel, thus helping to increase the barricade by the bulk of its great body.

Also, it had another effect. I have observed that sea-cows can bear the smell and taste of blood and will expose themselves to almost any risk, rather than get it into their nostrils. Now, in this still water the blood from the dead bull soon spread all about, so that when the herd began to arrive, following their leader, they were terribly frightened. Indeed, the first of them turned and tried to get back up the channel where, however, they met other following, and there ensued a tremendous confusion. They rose to the surface, blowing, mortally, bellowing and scrambling over each other till there was a perfect pandemonium in that narrow place.

All our guns opened fire wildly upon the mass; it was like a battle, and through the smoke I caught sight of the river-side natives advancing far away, fantastically dressed, repeating, waving spears, or flaming torches. Some of the bolder spirits advanced in canoes, driving the hippopotami toward the mouth of the channel, by which alone they could escape to the river. In all my hunting experience I do

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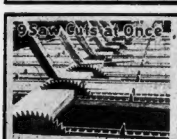
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